

chalk marks, having something to
do with the garden sleeping.
i can't remember how it went
exactly, now.
and long ago
it was erased.

SO NEAR, SO FARAWAY

coming back from watching a movie in my neighbor's
barn, i hear a rustling over by the opening in
the bushes by the stream, and i figure it is
a deer eating its fill of tiger lilies.
at least i hope it is a deer.
the black bears are around again this summer,
which is strange, since they usually
stay away, high in the mountains.
it was understandable, their coming around
last summer, when it was dry beyond
belief, and they came looking for water.
this summer it is not dry, and they
weren't expected to return.
i heard people talking about them in
the post office. some mention
was made also about the number of deer
having been hit by cars this
past week. this can happen at any
time of the year. i know it's
just a matter of time before i do
my own car some serious damage
by hitting one of these animals.
since i don't have any collision on
the car anymore, i keep wondering
whether i'm covered in such
an accident. over the weekend
someone did hit one,
right out front of the house,
and it lay there at the side of
the road until it was picked up
late monday afternoon.
the crows never went near it;
the deer hadn't been
ripped open. poor
luckless crows: a feast
so near, yet
so faraway.